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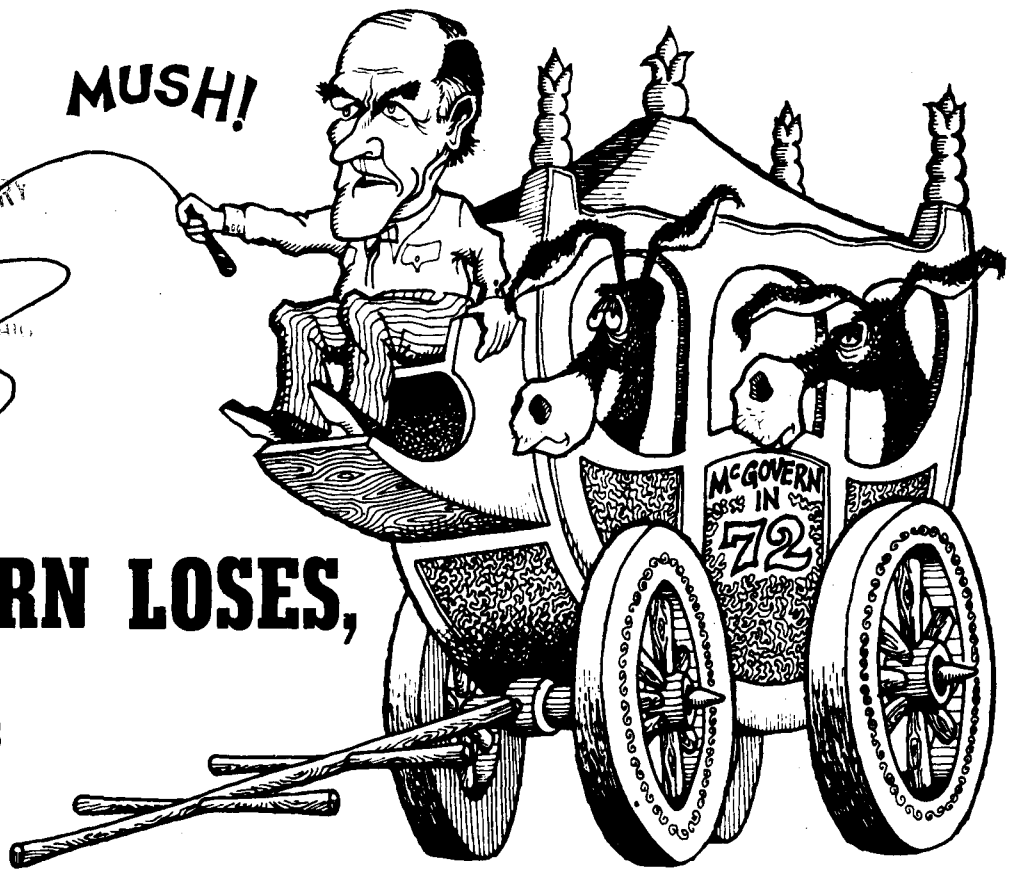

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IF McGOVERN LOSES, WHY . . . ?

PETER STEINFELS

JAMES FINN **THE AMNESTY ISSUE**

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH **EXORCISING THE EXORCIST**

COLIN L. WESTERBECK JR. **ROHMER'S LAST WORD**

RICHARD P. McBRIEN **RELIGIOUS BOOKS ROUND-UP**

MARK TAYLOR **SOME N**

FRANK GETLEIN **PROFIT**

JEFFREY MYERS **MARTI** **IN**

DONALD D. RANSTEAD **SOCIALISM A LA CHILENA**

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Catonsville Saga

Father Daniel Berrigan almost made it to Japan for the smash run of his play *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine,* but a little sleight-of-hand kept him at Woodstock College in New York.

Berrigan received the o.k. of his parole board to travel to Japan for the play's opening; the passport office issued a travel permit valid until Oct. 15; and Japan Air Lines announced on Oct. 2 that Berrigan would arrive on JAL Flight 51.

A few days before departure, however, the Japanese Consulate in New York refused Daniel Berrigan permission to enter Japan. A large bit of buck-passing ensued between the Japanese Foreign Ministry and the Japanese Ministry of Justice concerning the reasons for refusal, but finally the story became public:

The U.S. Government, which with the one hand was giving its stamp of approval to the Berrigan trip, was circulating with the other hand among embassies of various countries the names of persons to be kept under strict surveillance. On that blacklist appeared the name Daniel Berrigan. Japan, like any good satellite nation, denied him entry.

The Japanese Government, under pressure from the Japanese media and protests of various peace and humanitarian organizations there, eventually rescinded its denial, but by then the play's run in Tokyo was nearing its end. More particularly, the Berrigan visa would now have allowed him only three days in the country. Berrigan stayed home—which seems to be what both governments wanted from the start.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine was staged with the help of Berrigan's Japanese publishing house, Shin Cho Sha. The production was kept free of commercialism. Actors waived fees, and proceeds were earmarked for the Red Cross.

A week's run was scheduled for Tokyo, then the play was taken on tour of Japan. The Tokyo run was extended three days because of the enthusiastic audience response. Sawako Atiyoshi, director, attributed the appeal of *Catonsville* to the fact that "the problems examined in the play are not exclusively American, but are found also in Japan and are capable of arousing the sympathies of the Japanese people."

What's next for *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*?

Perhaps Peking.

"There's talk about doing the thing there," reports Berrigan.

Unbeautiful Ohio

There's some large indignation out Ohio way over the censoring-out of an article by a laicized priest from the Toledo diocesan paper, the *Catholic Chronicle.*

The Association of Toledo Priests entered an agreement with *Chronicle* news editor Francis Nally to do a series on the priesthood. But when the time came for an article by John Quenneville discussing something of the situation of a priest who laicizes, the article was refused publication by Edgar Barmann at the *Universe Bulletin* in Cleveland. (The *Catholic Chronicle,* as part of The Catholic Press Union, Inc., is channeled through the parent Cleveland plant.)

A clarification sought by the Association brought a response from Toledo Bishop John Donovan that there was no policy against former priests writing in the *Chronicle,* but that he personally didn't think that the article should appear. His statement was used by both Nally and Barmann as a basis for continuing to refuse publication.

Father James Bacik of the Association of Toledo Priests protested the censorship, but said the "substantive issue" remained the treatment accorded Quenneville. "We can not understand this discrimination against a former priest in good standing," Bacik stated. "We resent our friend being treated that way. Most of all we resent the harmful effects of this sort of attitude on a Catholic community that espouses charity as an ideal."

Back to the Ghetto

The Catholic Digest, American Catholicism's too literal counterpart to the *Reader's Digest,* thumps away in its October issue at the theme that "Catholics are second-class citizens" in the U.S.

Part of the evidence: "Only one Catholic has ever been President. Only five Supreme Court justices have been Catholics in all our history. Of the 11 present Cabinet members, only one is a Catholic. The National Security Council has no Catholics."

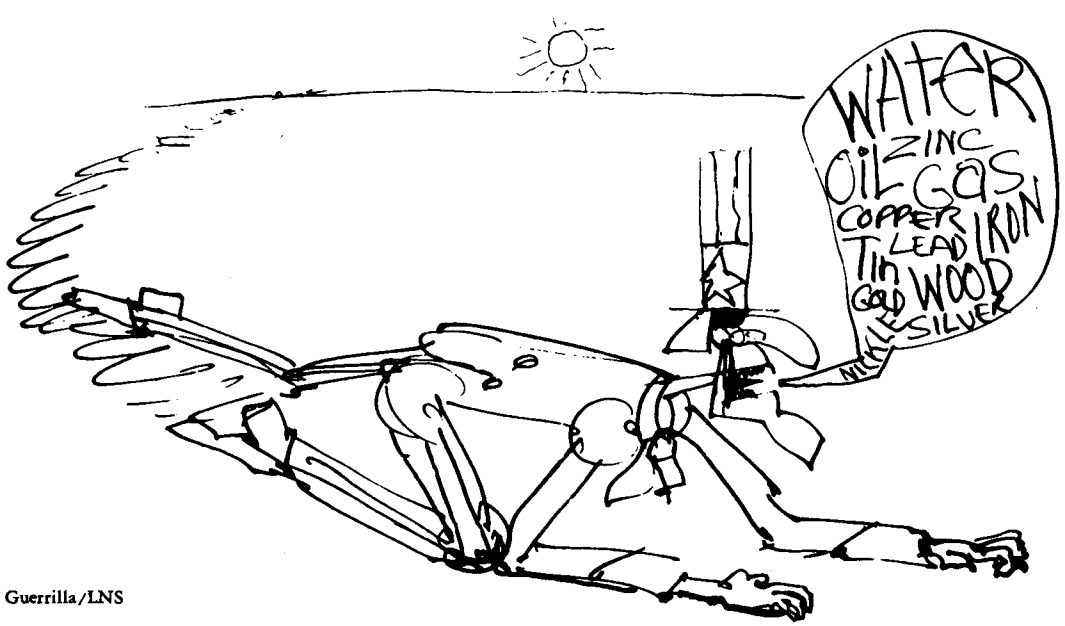
"Obviously, religion should not qualify a man for public office," says *The Catholic Digest,* with unique insight. "Neither should it disqualify him."

Wonder how all that explains the new Army Chief of Staff?

Odds and Ends

—Only four U.S. senators received a 100-percent rating on Third-World issues from the Washington-based ecumenical Center of Concern: Kennedy, Stevenson, Harris, Case. Eleven were given zero ratings: Jordan (both of them), Eastland, Ellender (now deceased), Stennis, McClellan, Talmadge, Thurmond, Gurney, Hruska, Hansen.

—An ever-sharp reader of those annual fine-print publishers' notices of ownership, management and circulation points out that the owner of the right-wing Catholic weekly *Twin Circle* is the Schick Investment Co. JOHN DEEDY



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CORRESPONDENCE

Superiority Syndrome

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Re "Doing In Women" [Oct. 6]: In the struggle of women to achieve equality, the anguish of defeat rests heavily upon the shoulders of men. It is the burden of men because in discriminating against women, men themselves are warped by a superiority syndrome which is confirmed in the cult and culture of life and living.

A man who suffers from this illusion of superior ego is less than man, less the complement to half the members of the human family.

The church's injustice to women (I have it on good authority that they represent half the membership!), will one day be recognized just as immoral as now in our day, we see such bygone practices as the church's blessing of the slave ships, the institution of slavery itself or the "Holy Crusades" undertaken to rescue "Christ's tomb from the infidel."

Women in all their humanitarian efforts must come to understand above all that they can liberate no one unless they themselves are free.

SISTER MARGARET ELLEN TRAXLER, SSND
Executive Director, National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice

Anglican Orders

East Lansing, Mich.

To the Editors: As a devout follower of Canterbury, I would like to answer Mr. Otis Cresson's letter which appeared in the September 22 issue of *Commonweal.*

Yes, Rome may very well be on the verge of recognizing the validity of Anglican orders. Such recognition would in fact be *based* on Pope Leo's *Apostolicae Curae* which maintains that Anglican orders are invalid because The Church of England did not intend to maintain a sacrificing priesthood, and had in rejecting the sacrificial nature

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NON-SUPPORT

The "so-called opinion leaders" of the country failed him, President Nixon said, by not supporting him last May when he ordered the renewed bombing of North Vietnam and the mining of that nation's ports. Included by the President among his non-supporters were those in the news media, the universities and even the business community. His move in May was the hardest step he had taken since becoming President, Mr. Nixon said, and when a President reaches such a decision—"a terribly difficult, potentially unpopular decision"—he should be able to count on opinion leaders to stand beside him, regardless of party. In this case, however, the President told the assembled relatives of the POWs, "Let me tell you that when that decision was made [to bomb and mine the harbors], there was precious little support from any of the so-called opinion leaders of this country. . . ."

On the factual level, Mr. Nixon's hunger for total, unquestioning support gets closer and closer to paranoia. Take the opinion leaders of the press, just for example. Each election year *Editor & Publisher* polls the nation's newspapers to find out which candidate they are supporting. This year its poll shows that 688 newspapers have endorsed Mr. Nixon so far—as compared to the 39 which have endorsed George McGovern. Further, the papers which have endorsed Mr. Nixon have a daily circulation of 17½ million daily; those endorsing McGovern have a circulation of less than 1½ million a day, and more than half of that total is the circulation of one newspaper, the *New York Times.*

An examination of the endorsement picture this year as compared with previous elections is instructive. Here, as reported by Stephen Isaacs in the *Washington Post,* are the margins by which newspapers favored one candidate over the other in recent years:

1968: Nixon over Humphrey, 5½ to 1.
1964: Johnson over Goldwater, 3 to 1.
1960: Nixon over Kennedy, 4 to 1.
1956: Eisenhower over Stevenson, 4½ to 1.
1952: Eisenhower over Stevenson, 6 to 1.
1948: Dewey over Truman, 4½ to 1.
1944: Dewey over Roosevelt, 4 to 1.
1940: Willkie over Roosevelt, 3 to 1.
1936: Landon over Roosevelt, 1½ to 1.

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Measuring by circulation, the nation's newspapers favor Nixon over McGovern by 12 to 1 margin—a margin never before equalled in this country's history. What does Mr. Nixon want—a 99 per cent *Ja* vote?

As for the new Presidential doctrine enunciated in Mr. Nixon's address, that "opinion leaders" have some special duty to stand by their national leader when he makes a "hard" decision, this is sheer unadulterated nonsense. For all we know, Hitler may have found the decision to use gas chambers in the "final solution" to the Jewish question a "hard" decision—did this entitle him to support by German opinion makers? Mr. Nixon may in time come to the "hard" decision to use nuclear weapons in Vietnam or to bomb the dikes and starve hundreds of thousands of men, women and children—does this entitle him to the support of American opinion makers? Mr. Nixon's simplistic thesis will not wash; indeed, it serves chiefly as still another indication of a Presidential ego that is becoming so massive as to make Lyndon B. Johnson appear modest. We will let television executives, newspaper editors, university presidents and business leaders speak for themselves, but we think we know what the reaction to Mr. Nixon's speech will be—or certainly should be—among religious leaders: nations stand under the judgment of God, this nation and its leaders no less than others. In an age in which nationalism is exalted and true love of country degraded, this simple truth must be emphasized again and again. Mr. Nixon is not God; he is not even Moses. No matter how "hard" he thinks his decisions are, opinion leaders cannot abdicate their solemn obligation—which is indeed the obligation of every citizen, opinion leader or not—to weigh and measure his conduct by moral as well as political standards. How could it be otherwise? For to take Mr. Nixon's suggestion of unthinking support seriously is to make a dictator of the President and a false god of the Presidency.

McGOVERN'S CHANCES

Pollsters and pundits began calling McGovern the loser almost as soon as he was nominated. After the Eagleton affair the chorus reached full voice. Now elsewhere in this issue former associate editor and regular columnist Peter Steinfels has joined the group—reluctantly, we know. As far as we're concerned, though, we're not completely convinced yet. What counts are not the polls but the final tabulation of votes, and we certainly would not want to see any McGovern worker slacken his efforts in the slightest, or any potential McGovern voter stay home from the polls because of pessimistic predictions. We can't claim any inside knowledge unavailable to others, but we can still hope. Polls have been wrong before, as they preeminently were in the Dewey-Truman contest, and if they are wrong again this time, a lot of prognosticators of a Nixon landslide will be caught off base, including our good friend Peter Steinfels. On this prediction, then, all we can say is lots of luck, Peter—all bad. Which is, of course, exactly what he would want himself.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

A LA CHILENA

TWO YEARS OF SOCIALISM

The second anniversary of the inauguration of Dr. Salvador Allende as President of Chile occurs this month. The same 35 percent to 40 percent of the *Unidad Popular* (UP) Coalition in 1970 will be cheering again this year. The percentage of the population supporting the government has certainly not increased over the past two years and probably decreased. The dire predictions of the conservatives that the end of liberty was at hand has been given the lie, but the contentions of others that the economy would deteriorate as a consequence of UP measures begun in 1971 has been borne out by the increasing shortages and galloping inflation of the past eight months.

When the Party of the Radical Left (PIR) deserted the UP six months ago it signified the termination of any serious government attempt to keep its lines open to Chile's largest party, the Christian Democrats (PDC). The PIR, which probably has more support among voters than the official Radical Party which is still within the UP, has joined the PDC and traditional conservative parties in forming a united opposition. The Opposition will present a single slate of candidates in all-important parliamentary elections next March. Positions which were fairly fluid a year ago have hardened. One now is either pro-UP (or to its left) or in the Opposition.

The inflated political rhetoric corresponds to the overheated economy. The PDC youth have recently used the term "Red Fascism" (shades of J. Edgar and HUAC!) to describe the UP. The latter use "fascist" less and seem to favor that recondite Marxist term "lumpen" to allude to opposition elements looking for street confrontations. This in a country with stronger family ties at all social levels than Rockford, Illinois in the 1890s. Even the respectable conservatives are infected with paranoia. Thus, the usually level-headed

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daily *El Mercurio* editorialized (September 27) that the demand of the Government that Chile's 350,000 domestic servants receive the 700 *escuedos* (about $3) September bonus (to help compensate for August's 22 percent inflation) along with all other employees was really quite sinister. In addition to being characterized as yet another financial blow to Chile's fragile middle class, it was also viewed as a subtle attempt to bribe the ubiquitous *empleadas* to become partisans of the UP and spy on their *patrones*.

UP anxieties are also aired to a tense general public. Last month Chile was once again informed of a seditious plot ("September Plan") to overthrow the government. But no arrests were forthcoming and even UP sympathizers tended to disregard the vague allegations. One General was forced to retire after an Admiral asserted that he had a subversive conversation with him. But there are no Kornilovs in Chile, much less a potential Franco. The traditional political groups continue to function as usual and about the same percentage of UP leaders live in the *Barrio Alto* (well-to-do suburbs) and have maids as those of the Opposition. Two Ministers have children, and the Communist national head of the trade unions has grandchildren, at the biggest traditional private English school of Chile. Thousands of UP supporters of ages 25-35 are on the government payroll at beginning salaries equal to those of department heads after 20 years of service. This is not unusual here but that is not the point. With politics as usual it is difficult to expect the masses—much less the middle class—to make or accept the need for sacrifices.

As the traditional Communist-Socialist left has not fostered new organizational forms (on the order of workers councils or even a 26th of July-type catch-all movement) it is pressured from the left. The Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR), not being part of the UP, can instigate illegal *"tomas"* (take-overs) of land, factories and even low-cost housing units with impunity since they are appealing, in a "populist" fashion, to one of the UP's would-be constituencies. However, this apparent permissiveness frightens and irritates large elements in the working class, not just middle and upper classes, who have a stake in things-as-they-are. So the UP loses ground in the University among both students and staff and even in the trade unions (CUT) where last July the PDC gained over 30 percent of the nationwide vote and a majority in the all-important province of Santiago.

The *"tomas"* of the MIR are now being emulated by the Opposition. In the latter case schools are occupied by students when they (or rather their parents) do not approve of the Ministry of Education's appointments of Rectors or Inspectors. Sometimes the reasons given are even more trivial. As students here are untouchables, the government has been extremely reluctant to use public force to dislodge the occupiers. The Minister of Education's attempts at dialogue and conciliation are taken as signs of weakness. At the end of September one school was occupied by 8-to 12-year-olds! Thus, the Opposition is able to make the government look both vacillating as well as menacing.

The basic problems are, of course, economic and it is far easier to be in the Opposition than government when there are an average of 9 percent inflation *a month*, recurrent shortages and talk on the part of some government leaders of the need for some form of rationing. The government has had to import onions from Spain, pork from China and butter from New Zealand in recent months. This month the *escudo* is being devalued another 59 percent. This year the balance of trade deficit will be the largest in Chile's history. Partly this is a result of the low world market price for copper but it also follows from the need to import so much food and prime materials. In the present circumstances hoarding and black market operations are to be, alas, expected and the UP is showing determination in going after unscrupulous wholesalers and retailers. The large commercial middle class argues that it is being singled out for unfair treatment and recently there have been strikes of shopkeepers and department stores in all the towns and cities of Chile. One can understand, if not sympathize, when stores will hold goods until the government-authorized price hikes come through instead of selling—selling at often, thanks to inflation, a loss.

The government has been extremely hesitant to take on the middle or upper class. The latter is powerful and, through the mass media and its "life style," has an influence (especially on women) far beyond its numbers. It has also been quite clever in making sizable sectors of the population believe that its interests are theirs. Thus the recent taxes proposed to finance the wage hike commensurate with the cost of living rise have been largely regressive—on cigarettes and tax stamps rather than coming down heavily on property or income. As some in the Opposition contend, the workers and employees will be financing their own salary increases. All this with no "primative socialist accumulation" occurring. In any event, this month the government will have to make a number of firm decisions on salaries, taxes and price controls, and these decisions will have to benefit its putative constituency—the organized working class and employees. In addition, whatever formulas are reached will have to hold until the March parliamentary elections. It is hard to see how this can occur without at least a tacit understanding with the PDC of ex-President Eduardo Frei. It would seem that either some form of national reconciliation or continuous confrontations on a variety of fronts is on the agenda for Chile for the immediate future, and the former seems most unlikely.

DONALD D. RANSTEAD

(Donald D. Ranstead, a previous contributor, is an American writing and teaching in Chile.)

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IF McGOVERN LOSES . . . WHY?

PETER STEINFELS

The elements are not mysterious; McGovern supporters have been discussing them for months

George McGovern will lose the Presidential election, and he will lose it badly. It is not too soon to begin discussing—publicly—the reasons why.

Understandably the McGovern forces would prefer to have the discussion postponed. Autopsies performed upon living bodies are apt to be fatal, which in some ways has been the McGovern problem all along. Since he began, McGovern has been running not against Muskie or Humphrey or Nixon but against the self-fulfilling prophecy. I would not want to discourage a single voter from casting a ballot against the bombs which have been raining on Vietnam or the chill which is creeping over Washington. Nothing would please me more than to wake up the morning after, like the *Chicago Tribune* of 1948, with egg on my face. But the question cannot wait.

It cannot wait because the second most important political event of the coming weeks, after the Presidential election, will be the interpretation of the Presidential election. It will be upon us like an avalanche, perhaps freezing history unalterably into myth. Both the candidates laid the foundation for this situation by agreeing that the election presented the "clearest choice of the century." The claim did not seem implausible at the time, and more disinterested commentators began to load the election with the heavy freight of Meaning. Norman Podhoretz was only one of many when he predicted in *Commentary* that a Nixon sweep or a McGovern victory would let us "know better than anyone knows today where the country is, how it feels, what it wants." The McGovern candidacy, he wrote, represented an attack on the American political Center by a "New Class" of "educated, prosperous people, members of the professional and technical intelligentsia and their wives and children, academics and their students." The election would prove whether Americans do indeed generally feel a profound disgust about the country's direction or simply a profound disgust with the "New Class" itself. It would prove whether the nation shared the feeling of an "ideologically passionate minority" that it had to "come home," or whether it believed "the country is already 'home,' that the structure of the house is sound, and that what it mainly needs is patching and sprucing up." Others have pictured the election as a plebiscite—on the war, on the struggle for racial equality, on the "social issue," on the current distribution of power and wealth. Had the nation been successfully "cooled" by the Nixon managers? Was there a populist revolt of the little man, rolling like a twister off George McGovern's prairies? True enough, those hopes for a decisive message from the people look pitifully naive in the midst of a campaign which continually threatens to get started next week; but in the clear flash of a Nixon victory, they may all be resurrected.

Why then will McGovern lose—if he loses? The elements are not mysterious. McGovern supporters have been discussing them for months. But they need sorting out. Most attention has been focused on the candidate himself, on his "image." It is easy to sense the massive failure here, although much more difficult to decide precisely what McGovern should have done about it. To begin with, there was the Eagleton affair. To those whose knowledge of the pertinent psychological and medical data, or lack of such knowledge, leads them to certainty that no reasonable objection could be mounted

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to Eagleton as Vice President, the McGovern failure was manifest. His public wavering only mirrored an internal weakness, a capitulation to the old politics of calculation and compromise. To those of us who remain unsure whether or not Senator Eagleton's revelations raised some legitimate questions about his candidacy, the McGovern response was fundamentally decent: a spontaneous burst of support for a man in distress, followed by a painful reconsideration as the issues emerge in their complexity and seriousness, capped by a reversal and a delicate extrication. One can write a better version, of course. Surely the Kennedys would have held a midnight conference and come out fighting at dawn, whatever the cost to Eagleton. But again this is "image." Was Senator McGovern's error to betray his own instincts, as some would have it, or to fail to cosmetize his instincts with the sheen of certainty and efficiency?

If the Eagleton affair knocked McGovern slightly out of focus, the weeks to follow made the image fade altogether. While the campaign seemed to drift from the issue of the war, where its real passion lay, the populist demand for a redistribution of wealth was still hospitalized with the wounds Hubert Humphrey had delivered in California. One imagines MIT professors in surgical gowns bent over the patient, working frantically to get her back on her feet. Out in the lobby, McGovern was talking about Watergate, wheat deals, Watergate, milk prices, Watergate, corruption, Watergate. In time, the patient was produced, steady on her feet all right, but reduced by plastic surgery from Catherine Deneuve to the pretty girl next door. It was a quick showing anyway, to a Wall Street audience. The candidate had proved that he could hire the best doctors in town, and now he was talking about Watergate again.

One can say with confidence (and hindsight) that McGovern failed to communicate his position on the war and redistribution of economic burdens; in failing, he left his candidacy with no clear definition. And yet that conclusion, too, deserves to be qualified. However much McGovern's touchstone had always been the war, he had also throughout the primaries been determined not to be a "one-issue candidate." McGovern, like McCarthy before him, had survvied the primaries by drawing support on quite other grounds. On the other hand, the perplexing pattern of public distress with the war co-existing with general approval of the President's Vietnam policy pre-dates the Presidential race. McGovern's choice of tactics did not create this paradox but had to respond to it. As for the economic issue, McGovern was confronted with the not implausible counsels that his $1,000 "give-away" should be buried from sight, and that Nixon's economic record, not the new McGovern plan, be made the subject of the campaign. McGovern was besieged with contradictory advice. Come out fighting, attack the President, be vague in your proposals. Remain the statesman, disarm fears of radicalism, be specific in your plans. Stress the war, stress domestic complaints, appeal to tradition, appeal to change. It is too simple to conclude that he should have been true to himself; "himself" was always a complicated mixture of politician and preacher, and I for one would not have been happier if he were too pure a breed of either.

There was, in sum, no single, absolutely obvious big mistake, but instead a series of medium-sized ones, and they added up. In the end, decisiveness counts in American politics. Any Vice President is better than none. (Spiro Agnew proves the point almost singlehandedly.) Any economic policy is better than none. McGovern has not, as some disillusioned supporters claim, become "like any other politician." "Any other politician" the people could understand. He remained unlike other politicians without making clear just what he was. That has been no way to counteract the elemental preference to "bear these ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

The McGovern Strategy

The blurring of McGovern's image is closely related to the difficulties of the McGovern strategy. Here the issue can be reduced to one question: did the candidate go too far in seeking traditional party support—hailing Mayor Daley as a great statesman, pilgrimaging to the LBJ ranch—or did he not go far enough? The answer will emerge only with the detailed histories of the campaign; but all such testimonies are sure to come wrapped in certain political presuppositions. The McGovernites who contrast the enthusiastic organization of the primaries with the ramshackle effort of the Presidential race, and ascribe the difference to the diluting effect of McGovern's concessions, make the questionable assumption that a national election is merely a primary writ large. Those who fault the McGovern strategy for not succeeding in enlisting the traditional Democratic forces often neglect the purposeful reluctance of some of these forces to serve: for one reason or another, they *wanted* McGovern to lose.

But the strategic dilemma of the McGovern campaign raises even more unpleasant possibilities for Democratic reformers. Was the McGovern candidacy poisoned from the start? That is, could the Senator from South Dakota have gained the nomination only by steps which in the process assured his defeat? When one considers that the only rival survivor of the new reformed system for choosing a candidate, Hubert Humphrey, would have been in approximately the same situation, it is hard to avoid concluding that a McGovern defeat entails an open-minded re-examination of these much-vaunted reforms. Perhaps the instrument is good, but in 1972 the Democrats did not yet know how to wield it—as a number of union leaders admitted was the case for

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labor. But perhaps the new reforms are, as charged, weighted to favor certain political groups and styles at the (high) cost of freezing out more traditional ones. What is more, do the present procedures make it impossible to negotiate a nominee who would enjoy the general support of most of the party over an aspirant who enjoys the dedicated support of a bare majority or even a plurality?

Besides the McGovern image and the McGovern strategy, there are the McGovern workers. The campaign has been a test of their political capacities on the day-to-day level. It is hard to evaluate the tales of gross incompetency which abound. One friend of mine, who worked in the Humphrey campaign, assures me that it was, if anything, worse. Besides which, the Democrats are strapped for money, which can cover a multitude

of sins, while the Republicans may be committing all sorts of minor foul-ups. With a thirty-point spread in the polls, who's watching? And yet. And yet the long delays in getting the campaign rolling were not helpful. And yet the bloody scrambling for position in the campaign staff—and presumably in a future Administration—were not exactly edifying, most particularly when they involved fencing the candidate off from rival points of view which might have proved useful. And yet the all-too-frequent inability of McGovern workers to comprehend people unlike themselves has limited the campaign's efforts to prevent Nixon inroads into traditionally Democratic working-class and ethnic voters. It is true that if McGovern were the incumbent or leading in the contest, the adhesive tape and shoe-string nature of his campaign would certainly look preferable to the Republicans' Teutonic juggernaut. Still, there is a rough common sense in the tendency to judge how a candidate, especially a candidate from South Dakota, would run his Administration by the way he runs his campaign. The people are not reassured. And if the "New Class," which fills the McGovern ranks, remains at all self-critical about its own political pretensions, it should not be reassured either.

Two other factors which have hamstrung the McGovern campaign were almost completely out of the candidate's control. The first is called money. The second is called Wallace. The G.O.P. has more money to spend on seeking Democratic votes than do the Democrats, and it is that fact which is showing up all the McGovern weaknesses. Along with money Nixon also has the Wallace vote, and the startling fact is that adding the Wallace vote to the Nixon column is sufficient to account for the President's lead in the polls. Nor is it likely that the Wallace vote could have been held by anything less than major concessions to their position or their leader. Polls during the primaries revealed that Wallacites were not frustrated populists but natural Nixon voters, and political scientists agree that votes for splinter-party figures are often only the transition step in shifting between major parties. On this score as on so many others, the evolution of Hubert Humphrey may be instructive. Not only do we understand better the relationship between big money and the old liberalism as millionaire "close acquaintances" of Humphrey pop up among Nixon contributors, but the Humphrey overture to Wallace may be a sign of the choice facing the party's "Center." Apart from being beholden to finance by cronyism, Democrats may have to choose between being beholden to Wallacites or to the "New Class." The latter is not without vices nor the former without virtues; but the difference for me is still clear, while figures as disparate as George Meany and Podhoretz seem to indicate that, in the pinch, they prefer the Wallacites.

Can we conclude, then, that a McGovern defeat implies *no* message from the nation at all? That hardly seems possible. But the message is not apt to be as clear as the election returns. It will be a vote for Authority and Decisiveness over apparent Disorganization and Uncertainty. It will not be a vote of "disgust" for the "New Class" any more than it will be a vote of "disgust" for prairie Methodism: "no confidence" would be more like the message the nation is sending this core of McGovern supporters, who would be wise to study their losses as well as lick their wounds.

The electorate's judgment, it should be recalled, is the arbiter of power, not of morality. Part of McGovern's problem is simply that the American people do not care very much about the murders we are committing in Vietnam, nor about the perpetuation of poverty and racism here. Perhaps it is only comforting that we will not know the naked truth about these matters, that the electorate's judgment will come muffled through the filters of image and organizational weaknesses, lack of funds, and a nearly flawless campaign by the President. Nevertheless, such will be the case.

On November 7 I will cast my ballot for Senator McGovern and lay in my supply of beer for the nightwatch of media dispatches. I will hope that the words above were entirely wasted. In case they weren't, I will wake up on November 8 chastised but not despairing. We can do better, and one way to begin would be if Senator McGovern prepared a candid statement on what went wrong and why.

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THE AMNESTY ISSUE

JAMES FINN

It reveals once again the divisive and shattering force of the war, and the sorry state of moral/political discussion in this country

Amnesty isn't the hottest issue in the campaign, but it's one of the more irrepressible. It *will* keep popping up. It's also one of the unholy AMA trinity (amnesty, marijuana and abortion) by which George McGovern's critics have attempted to define both his character and his political stance. For it's predictable, isn't it, judging by their stands on Vietnam, that McGovern would be for amnesty and Richard Nixon opposed to it?

Only it doesn't work that way. Just recently Max Frankel reminded us that "I have never favored legalization of marijuana," is a statement of McGovern's and that Nixon once said "I, for one, would be very liberal with regard to amnesty." Still, in the arguments that swirl around the question today, one man's amnesty is not another's, and what it means to be "very liberal" will be open to myriad interpretations.

The question of amnesty is at issue now, of course, because a considerable number of Americans have placed themselves in legal jeopardy because they are opposed to the war in Vietnam. We are now forced to ask ourselves—and our elected officials—if our society can render justice to these people if it does not extend to them a broad and general amnesty. Or, alternatively, if it would be properly responsive to other citizens and to the requirements of social order if such an amnesty were granted.

All the facts needed to make a decision are in. Our decision will depend, then, on how we relate facts, principles and judgment. And it should be evident from the ongoing arguments that it will also depend upon our perceptions about the war and the history of our own attitudes and actions; the political hay, if any, to be garnered by candidates for public office; our own relations, where they exist, with the people involved and the support or criticism we previously extended to them; the possibility of using amnesty as another item in the arsenal of antiwar polemics; and the alleged effect that amnesty would have on the present and future armed forces of this country.

None of these factors is insignificant or totally irrelevant to the present debate, and each adds a particular tone or feeling that would be absent from an examination carried on in the rarified realm where indisputable principles are applied to undisputed facts. But they are frequently introduced into the discussion so inopportunely that the moral, political and prudential factors become confused. The rhetorical questions are by now familiar: Haven't the exiles and deserters suffered enough; why require additional punishment? How can we honor the men who accepted the draft if we now honor those who didn't; isn't there a difference between a patriot and a coward? The church's mission is one of healing and reconciliation; how can it ask for additional punishment? What fault did the protestors commit except premature morality; shouldn't we convict the leaders who were wrong rather than men who refused to follow them and were right? What do you think would happen to the army—and the draft—if we were suddenly told everyone could make up his own mind about serving?

All questions that deserve an answer, even if it is one that frustrates the questioner, and various spokesmen for the military, the antiwar groups, the churches, the legal profession, the veterans, the deserters and exiles and prisoners have attempted to answer them. Although a crude distinction between being for or against amnesty is common and useful, it carries us only a limited way as we try to answer the following question: *What* is amnesty? To *whom* should it apply? *When* should it become effective? What *conditions*, if any, should there be?

The Questions

Neither the etymology of the word—which is often evoked by supporters of the concept—nor historical precedent in American life is determinative here. Amnesty comes from the Greek word for forgetfulness, and some argue that it implies and should mean not simply the remission of penalties for criminal conduct but the actual expungement from the record of the acts to be amnestied. This view is made most forcefully by those young people in exile who say that they committed no crime, did nothing immoral, feel no guilt and would not welcome an act that implied pardon and certainly not one with conditions attached. Historically, however, stipulations and conditions have often been attached

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to acts of amnesty, and the question of possible conditions is one that divides even those who are now working for amnesty.

Who are the people to whom amnesty might apply? The group that is usually considered first are those draft-resisters and deserters who have fled this country for another, a group that is estimated to be about 70,000. But the number of people that might be affected swells considerably when other groups are considered. A second sizable group is made up of those who have served, are serving or might be forced to serve prison sentences for violating the draft or military law. The third group is composed of domestic exiles, those who have gone underground to avoid prosecution for draft resistance or desertion.

These three groups usually command most attention, but there are others that are being mentioned. A large number of men have been court-martialed or given less than honorable discharges because of resistance to the war or to service in the armed forces while the war continued. They have been punished unduly, it is argued, and should be granted amnesty, expunging from their military record the acts which already lead employers to discriminate against them. A fifth group is made up of

those civilians who have been or might be prosecuted for various acts of resistance to the war.

Those who argue for amnesty for people in these groups usually make an exception for those who have been charged with violence against property or persons. Their cases should be tried separately, it is argued, and each case judged on its individual merits. But even here there is some dispute. Even the people charged and convicted of war crimes, some argue, have been placed in almost impossible situations and should also be granted amnesty. This group would be broad enough to include the Lt. Calleys of this war.

In spite of my opening comments about McGovern and Nixon—and I will return to their tortuous approach to the question—the positions that most people have taken on amnesty hold few surprises. One of the surprises is that it was Senator Robert Taft, Jr., who proposed a bill that would provide amnesty for draft-dodgers, but he stipulated that they perform alternative service for three years. And one of the big non-surprises is Bella Abzug's unconditional amnesty bill which would also cut off funds for U.S. military operations in Indochina. Senator Edward Kennedy, in charge of the Subcommittee holding hearings on amnesty, labeled as a misconception the idea that there is political capital in the issue, and in support of this statement said his mail ran 20-to-1 against amnesty of any kind. Political capital or no, the question became a hot item on the college campuses earlier this year when candidates aspiring to the nomination were asked to declare their positions. Campaigning in Illinois in early March, Eugene McCarthy called attention to Senator Muskie's statement that amnesty should not be considered until after the war and joined it with Muskie's request that he be forgiven for his prowar position in 1968. "You would think," McCarthy said, "that if he wanted to have that kind of forgiveness, he might be willing to forgive some people who were right about the war in 1968." The witticism was received by roars of approval. Meanwhile, Muskie waffled on the issue, Henry Jackson flatly opposed it, John Lindsay came out for a conditional amnesty, and President Nixon first gave a flat no but later said yes, but not now and not while there are still American POWs. But he would, he said, "be very liberal with regard to amnesty." More recently, in his remarkable outburst before the National League of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia he said, "It would be the most immoral thing I could think of to give amnesty to draft dodgers and those who deserted." (Will the real opinion of President Nixon please stand up?)

John H. Geiger, the national commander of the American Legion, has said that the organization strongly opposed amnesty for deserters who had fled to Canada or Sweden. John Stennis, head of the Senate Armed Services Committee, is afraid that amnesty would invite mass evasion of the draft. Curtis Tarr, Director of Selective Service, thinks that amnesty would be a giant step in the direction of selective conscientious objection, which he has vigorously opposed. And the ACLU, with strong leadership from Henry Schwarzschild, is supporting unconditional amnesty for a broad range of "offenders."

Some but not all parents whose sons have been killed in Vietnam oppose amnesty. During the Senate hearings, one such parent, Martin Kelly, spoke with deep and bitter feeling: "It was John F. Kennedy who talked about bearing any burden, paying any price. This led men to accept the draft, to serve in Vietnam, and now with a few words, 'Well, we were wrong, the draft-dodgers were right.'" These men were, he said, ambushed and betrayed. But Robert G. Ransom, whose son was killed in Vietnam four years ago, said: "I would like to dispel forever that popular and prevalent misconception that it would dishonor the nearly 56,000 Americans who have died in Vietnam to grant amnesty now to these many of our

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children who have opposed participation in the war."

There is a Vietnam veterans' group arguing for amnesty and another "No Amnesty for Deserters" group that sent me—and a few million others—this message. Speaking of wounded veterans the spokesman for this group wrote: "And you can imagine how disgusted they get when they watch TV and see a George McGovern or a Ted Kennedy call for 'amnesty' for cowards who would not stand and fight for their country." No punches pulled and no holds barred there!

Some of the most moving and powerful support for amnesty comes from groups that, under religious sponsorship, have been long engaged in antiwar activity. Meeting in Kansas City, Missouri, in January of this year for "An Ecumenical Witness," these groups hammered out a strong statement which urged "a broad, general and plenary amnesty, without any qualifications or conditions, to all those men and women who have been prosecuted or face possible prosecution by civilian or military courts for any alleged offenses arising out of the War, as well as the meeting of our social responsibility to those who might refuse amnesty, to the civilian members of the resistance, and to those who have served in the military."

When he testified before the Senate Subcommittee holding hearings on amnesty, the Most Reverend Bernard J. Flanagan, Bishop of Worcester, Massachusetts, referred to those young men "who have gone into exile, are in jail or are living underground because of conscientious objection to the Vietnam war." He then added: "If I were a younger man today, in the light of my reflections on the immorality of this war which has gone on now for ten years and has wreaked havoc beyond all proportionality for good, I would find myself in the same position in which these young men find themselves today."

Complex Issue

The question of amnesty runs through our entire society, revealing once again the divisive, the shattering force of the war. Revealing also the sorry state of moral/political discussion in this country. For in the debate that divides people when amnesty is at issue little consideration is given to the complex demands of the political community or to the kinds of decisions the individual is called upon to make when he finds himself at odds with the directives of that community. This is particularly distressing when one considers those religiously motivated groups whose moral and political perceptions of the war in Vietnam were, after all, superior to those of our political leaders who supported and continue to support that obscene war.

Yet the arguments that are advanced in these groups frequently avoid, by transcending, the actual tensions of the problem. One Methodist minister bases his case for unconditional amnesty on St. Paul's injunction to obey God rather than man, which is to make of these political problems a Gordian knot and of St. Paul our contemporary Alexander. And in that generally excellent publication *The Reporter for Conscience' Sake* one is told that "any proposal that appears to imply that American citizenship is a higher value than the dictates of conscience is not likely to attract hordes of repentant resisters," a truism that advances the argument not a single step.

While common sense suggests that amnesty, if granted, should not be entangled in endless rolls of red tape as it was after World War II, that classifications should be broad and relatively simple, some distinctions are yet in order. I would argue, for example, that those who chose exile rather than the options of military service, prison or resistance within the body politic renounced the political obligations and opportunities that were presented to them. If they acted as they did on the basis of their best conscientious reflections, they can be honored for doing so. They acted within terms of a moral obligation. But a moral obligation cannot be immediately translated into a political right, and it is difficult to perceive the political obligations these exiles have recognized, accepted, fulfilled. It is difficult to see, that is, that an awareness of the human values of political obligation played a part in forming their decision to split from this country. In absenting themselves from the political community that is the United States today, they effectively renounced the contribution they might have made. The cost would in many cases have been very high, but if one holds principles that place him at odds with the community that is his in a democratic society it is unlikely that these principles will be maintained without some cost. Those resisters who have remained in this society have borne that cost; those who left have not. It is not here a question of whether these exiles are imbued with admirable motives; many obviously are. Nor is it a question of whether, in exile, they have already suffered; many obviously have.

Some exiles may regard the system they left behind as so terrible or inferior that they do not wish to return, in which case there is no political issue at stake. But those who do wish to return can be expected to respond to the political obligations all citizens share. We can admit that the burden falls inequitably, but it does no good to trumpet such phrases as "Uneven justice is no justice" (the *Time* essay on amnesty). Uneven justice would be contemptible as an ideal but it is not as an attainment; it is all that men have ever attained. But the proper ordering of any just society is to reduce the unevenness, the inequities. Those exiles who wish to return to this less than perfect society, and those who wish them to return, must recognize that it *is* a society, not a collection of atomistic consciences, and that it is the proper function of a legitimate government to legislate on significant issues where conscientious citizens

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are in conflict. For these reasons I would support and argue for the position enunciated by Bishop Flanagan when, in his testimony before the Senate subcommittee, he said:

"I personally support the proposal for some form of legislation or executive order which would grant amnesty to these men and provide alternative service opportunities for them. I would further advocate that this service should not, in any way, be punitive, but rather, should be a form of service beneficial both to the individual and to the community. The men who fulfill this honorable service should have the same G.I. benefits as those provided for men who serve in the armed forces."

I would support this statement, that is, insofar as it applies to the exiles, because it provides an honorable way for honorable men to reintroduce themselves into their political society.

At another end of the spectrum of those who are being considered for amnesty are those convicted or likely to be convicted of war crimes. No one who has read reports of men who fought in Vietnam, or who saw the highly charged witness of the Winter Soldiers, can fail to recognize the pressures under which many of these men fought. Yet not all American troops have acted dishonorably under pressure. So far from offering amnesty to those who stand charged with war crimes, I would urge a more stringent application of the laws of war and of war crimes and a strict criminal accounting. If we are to be told that the war in Vietnam almost compels a very high incidence of what are presently defined as war crimes, we must say that this war and similar wars must have a high probability of being regarded as unjust and immoral and provoking within our society a continuing, justified resistance.

What I am arguing for, in considering exiles and alleged war criminals, is a proper evaluation of the citizen's role in a society that aspires to be democratic. Unless one regards that society as so unjust or vicious that it should be overthrown, one grants the legitimacy of the government to make laws that must be obeyed. If the directives of the law conflict with the directives of one's conscience, the latter must be the guide one follows. But while that conscience may instruct the larger political community, it cannot direct it; it cannot simply dismiss the duties one citizen has to the *civitas* of which he is a member. In political affairs the individual conscience must be responsible and yet it cannot be sovereign.

It is more than passing strange that some religious spokesmen who have for years stressed both the communal nature of man and the moral responsibility of the individual now wish, when considering the exiles, to erect the individual as the sovereign arbiter and, when considering alleged war criminals, to discharge individual responsibility upon the society. ("If they are guilty, we are more guilty.")

The cases of the exiles and alleged or actual war criminals are easier, I think, to consider than the other groups. A full examination would attempt to evaluate the cost or contribution of each of these groups, for they differ in significant ways. That examination, however, should lead to an appreciation of what many of these men have contributed to our society and often to our own political/moral enlightenment. Our society should thus attempt to shorten the time in which these men will be granted the respect due them. Of the few proposals that attempt to take all of these factors into account, the best I have seen is that of the World Without War Issues Center of Berkeley, California.

I said I would return to the issue of McGovern and Nixon on the question of amnesty. Is there, on this question, a difference between them? I think there is. Nixon wobbled uncertainly to his "very liberal" stance, which sounded admirable enough. But in the light of his unswerving, repeated admiration for those who fought in Vietnam (and did not question his war policies) and his repeated denigration of draft-evaders and deserters (who showed their strong opposition to these policies) a measure of skepticism is called for. Indeed, that skepticism may be strong enough to be termed disbelief.

And McGovern? There is no doubt that he has tried to get out from under that heavy label of the unholy AM trinity that was unfairly pinned on him. He, too, has read the polls that indicate 60 percent of voting-age citizens are opposed to unconditional amnesty. Not only has he refused to make amnesty one of the sharp weapons in his polemical arsenal, he has blunted some of his earlier, more forthright, statements. But one clear aim of his has never been dimmed by political compromise or the necessities of the public platform. He has honestly sought for and honestly believes he can bring about the reconciliation for which this country aches and yearns. The question of amnesty, however severe at the moment, remains abstract. It will put on flesh and blood when the war ends and the man in the White House is free to act. On the basis of his past performance, I would trust George McGovern to make an appropriate, even admirable, decision about those to whom amnesty might apply.

I cannot discuss amnesty without mentioning two important issues. First, that ending the war in Vietnam is the first priority because it is (a) more important and (b) because the implementation of any amnesty will be consequent on the dissolution of that grievous venture. Second, that the veterans of the Vietnam era far outnumber the groups for which amnesty is being considered and that they have in many cases been treated inequitably and shabbily. Any mending of our society, any reconciliation, must embrace all our patriotic citizens, both those who fought in the war and those who resisted.

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THE SCREEN

Long before Eric Rohmer had begun work on *Chloe in the Afternoon*, the last in his series of "six moral tales," one could have guessed what the film would be about. All of the moral tales have followed essentially the same outline. According to Rohmer's own synopsis of the plots, "Just as the narrator is in pursuit of a woman who, momentarily, seems to elude him, events bring him in contact with another woman; but regardless of the charm and persuasion of the second, he will reject her in favor of the first." *La Collectionneuse* (1967), *My Night at Maud's* (1969) and *Claire's Knee* (1970)—the major films in Rohmer's series—have all fit his own plot summary in some sense. Now *Chloe in the Afternoon* follows suit.

This time the narrator is a Paris businessman, Frederic (Bernard Verley), who lives in the suburbs with his wife Hélène (Françoise Verley). Though she is expecting their second child, he allows himself to flirt with Chloe (Zouzou), the ex-mistress of a friend, when she shows up unexpectedly at his office one day. The more serious the flirtation becomes, the more erratic and teasing Chloe's attitude is toward Frederic. He helps her move when she wants to desert her current lover. He helps her get a job that she likes. Yet she breaks dates that he has been at pains to conceal from his wife. Once she even goes off for weeks without explanation. At last, however, he has a perfect opportunity to make love to her; and instead he walks out and goes home to make love to his wife.

In a sense, with the return to the original woman, each of Rohmer's moral tales has ended where it began. But *Chloe* does so a bit too literally. The film begins with a scene in which Frederic watches his wife get out of the bathtub and dry herself off. Then, about halfway through, there is another domestic scene where he pulls his sweater up around his face to amuse his daughter. Finally there is the scene where Frederic goes to Chloe's apartment to make love to her. But when he arrives she is just ready to emerge from the shower and dry herself off. And as if that isn't enough, as soon as she has laid down on the bed, he starts to pull off his sweater, just getting a glimpse of himself in the mirror while that sweater is up around his face. Exit Frederic.

Rohmer has always claimed, "I have no intention of preaching morals, but rather of reflecting upon morals. . . . I consider my characters to be free. They are not marionettes and they do not broadcast my opinions." But Frederic is hardly free of interference from Rohmer in that last scene with Chloe. The coincidence with earlier scenes do make a marionette of Frederic, who is led to his moral "choice" by the irony with which Rohmer has loaded his character's life at that moment. Part of the appeal of Rohmer's characters in all his films is that their emotional lives are not excessively neat. His characters do not make a clean break at the end of an infatuation, nor are love affairs even consummated as a rule. Human affairs in general in Rohmer's films are tentative, unsettled and uncertain, despite the wit and suavity of his characters. In order to maintain this ambience in his films Rohmer has usually eschewed such slick coincidences as we find in Frederic's last scene with Chloe.

This is not the only trace of slickness in the film either. Another Hollywood touch is that Rohmer has matured Frederic's affair with Chloe not by any perceivable alteration in Frederic's character, but by the superficial and easy device of having Frederic's originally unfashionable suits become ever more *à la mode* as he pursues Chloe. Perhaps the reason Rohmer has had to resort to these techniques is that his characters this time are not so personable or interesting as they were in *Claire's Knee* and *My Night at Maud's*. In the best sequence in this film Frederic imagines that, with the aid of a magic charm he wears around his neck, he makes a ready conquest of every woman he meets on the street. The women whom Frederic sees in his dreams are played by all the actresses that starred in Rohmer's earlier moral tales. This suggests that Rohmer himself has a proper sense of this film's relationship to his past work: only in his fantasy life could Frederic meet or entertain such extraordinary women as inhabited Rohmer's other moral tales.

The most significant difference between this film and Rohmer's previous moral tales is that Rohmer has here given more substance to the woman who retains the hero's affections. Before, he focused on the evanescent relationship between the male lead and the title role in each film. It was the fiancée or wife who was made into a shadowy "other" woman in the background. Although Rohmer did show us something of the main character's romance with his future wife in *My Night at Maud's*, in *La Collectioneuse* we meet the fiancée only once and in *Claire's Knee* she does not appear at all .

But in *Chloe in the Afternoon* the wife is more prominent, and the film suffers for it. The film's domestic subplot sometimes leaves Frederic's desire for Chloe looking as corny as Tom Ewell's seven-year itch. Yet Frederic's relationship with his wife is also impenetrable. The three earlier tales I've mentioned all end on a note of reserve that is effective precisely for its understatement. *Chloe in the Afternoon* ends with Hélène bursting inexplicably into tears before leading Frederic off to the bedroom. It's a regrettable ending for Rohmer's great series of moral tales to have come to.

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EXORCISING THE EXORCIST

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

Part commercial gimmick-shocker, part problem of evil think-piece, part old-fashioned Christian apologetic

WILLIAM PETER BLATTY, in his end acknowledgements to *The Exorcist*, thanks the Jesuits for teaching him how to think. And in a recent interview (*New York Times*, August 15) he states that the primary purpose of his coming film from his book is "to persuade those who do not believe that there is a case to be made for the supernatural and to offer the possibility that there is a supernatural force of evil in the universe whose game plan is to convince us that he does not exist." Film director William Friedkin, although he believes in "something unknowable," is not interested in theology, but simply in the film's visual impact on its customers —as his "The French Connection" testifies. But Blatty claims he is attached to the church as to a woman by whom he has had a child (*Times*, August 27). With these statements in mind, it seems time to take a close look at *The Exorcist*, novel and film-to-be, to see where Blatty's "thinking" would lead us.

I am afraid that Georgetown graduate Blatty may have set out to write a part commercial gimmick-shocker, part problem-of-evil think-piece, and —with the encouragement of good priest friends—part old-fashioned Christian apologetic. But he has brought forth—along with a commercial success—a piece of Catholic nostalgia of more service to the cause of superstition than to true religion.

The story takes place in the present. The campuses are in turmoil, astronauts are on their way to the moon and hippies prowl Georgetown's Wisconsin Avenue. But the church he portays is the church of the 1940s, with the preoccupations and thought patterns of the pre-Conciliar culture. Blatty's 1970 priests still say Mass in Latin, chat clerical banter at Georgetown cocktail parties, and surprise otherwise sophisticated people when they wear informal clothes.

His line of reasoning in favor of diabolical possession is almost pre-Enlightenment: that bizarre phenomena which, *for us*, have no known explanation, must have a "supernatural" explanation. It resembles the "God-of-the-gaps" proofs for the existence of God, that he must be, in some way, the Answer to any number of mysteries we do not understand—rather than the Lord and Father revealed to us in the self-emptying love of Jesus.

Blatty's implication that those who choose not to believe in Satan (and Blatty's story) have fallen for his game plan of convincing us that he does not exist has the same logic as the argument during the Red scare of the 1950s that the first thing a real Communist learns is to deny that he he is a Communist. Besides, if Blatty's devil really wanted to lay low the last thing he should do is take over the daughter of a beautiful movie star making a film on location surrounded by Georgetown Jesuits.

Consider the plot, allegedly based on a similar case in Washington in the 1940s. Regan (Blatty makes several references to *King Lear*), the twelve-year-old daughter of the divorced star, begins to act strangely—urinating on a rug at a party, shouting obscenities, etc. at the same time that nearby Holy Trinity Church has been desecrated —the Blessed Virgin statue has been painted like a whore, the Latin altar card has been rewritten into a Latin lesbian joke!

Regan's condition gets worse and the secular scientists exhaust themselves diagnosing her nervous disorders and confidently prescribing cures that do not cure. A British movie director friend of her mother dies in a drunken fall; or did Regan, with her new Satanic strength, break his neck and heave him out her bedroom window?

Regan's protectors strap her to her bed where she fouls the room, and screams her obscenities in many voices and strange languages; and her atheistic, but desperate, mother turns for help to Damien Karras, the Jesuit psychiatrist who has problems of his own. Karras is torn with guilt over neglecting his mother, and he also doubts the real presence of Jesus in the host at Mass.

The mother reasons that if her daughter simply imagines she is possessed because she may have read a book on witchcraft, then perhaps a mock rite of exorcism will release her. But eventually the once skeptical rationalist Karras becomes convinced by his conversations with the "demon" that a distinct howling monster really exists within the child. Old Father Merrin, a Jesuit paleontologist obviously patterned on Teilhard de Chardin, is brought in, with Karras' assistance, to perform the exorcism.

In a concluding scene that is both horrifying in its description of the girl's cursing and vomiting green on a flying, stinking bed, but disgusting in its cheap sensationalism, one priest keeps pumping her with librium while the other intones the exorcism prayers. When the older priest drops dead of a heart attack Karras, in a burst of pious *machismo*, challenges the demon to take *him* on—then crashes out the window to his death!

Did the emotionally exhausted priest-psychiatrist—like Regan, a split personality—simply crack under the weight of his and the little girl's

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troubles and attempt to resolve his own tensions in a sacrificial suicide? Or did an objectively existing personal evil force actually abandon one victim for another, like the devils in Mark's gospel who, at Jesus' command, leave their victim for a herd of pigs that plunge off a cliff? Does Blatty care? Is he like Regan's movie mother who, when it is all over, still can't believe in God but can believe in the devil? Or, like some products of "Jesuit" education who have used their years on the debating teams to sharpen their wits rather than their convictions, does he simply enjoy playing with either possibility? And what point of view will the movie take? At this point I expect that, like "Patton," "Bullitt," and "The French Connection," it will have it both ways.

How unlike Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw* which, through its intricacy, hints of sexuality, subtle suggestions, and clues that only reveal themselves after several readings, draws us more and more deeply into its mystery and the ambiguous relationship between the appearance of innocence and the reality of evil. And how unlike other genres—the tales of Faust, Frankenstein and Dracula—that use the *myths* of Satan, Prometheus and vampires to draw our attention to larger themes—man's lust and pride and the power of evil (like Original Sin) to perpetuate itself throughout generations.

As the book develops it is interesting that Evil personified first manifests itself in terms of the clerical, celibate, and most narrowly religious cultural conceptions of what is "dirty" and bad—defecation, sex talk and the violations of "sacred" objects. Blatty has prefaced his book with one page that mentions Dachau, Communist torture and the Mafia, as if these were evidence of Satan's power; but they have no real connection with the rest of the novel. Blatty has chosen to awaken us to the force of evil not

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, S.J., *is assistant editor of* Commonweal *and teaches in the Communications Department at Fordham University.*

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through visions of social sin, of poverty, or Hiroshima or Mylai, but through the sufferings of a little girl who—he and his defenders would have us believe—was suffering not through anyone's fault nor through the ravages of mental illness but simply because an evil spirit had gotten into her.

Pére de Tonquedec, the old Parisian Jesuit, one of the most renowned exorcists of recent times, reportedly told fellow-Jesuits not long before his death that he had *never* encountered an authentic case of diabolical possession; yet Blatty would have us believe that in 1970 a psychiatrist and a world-renowned paleontologist could drive themselves to death encountering Satan on M Street in Georgetown.

As a result, one of the most remarkable characteristics of Blatty's book is the smallness of his world and the smallness of his questions. If the success of the book has any religious lesson it should be seen as a negative sign, a reminder that when true religion grows cold and remote, when the Gospel is not preached in a direct and human way, and when the church does not understand and confront evil in its social consequences—in war and oppression—people will turn to pseudo-religious substitutes—drugs, apparitions, glossolalia, violent ideologies—that seem to deal with their questions.

The Exorcist reader, who has also stayed up all night with *The Godfather*, now stays up again. He may have begun depressed and confused by the experience of malice and human suffering. As he reads on he becomes as totally absorbed with the alleged symptoms of diabolical possession as he was when he first heard of demons in grammar school—or even college, and as the millions of people who have always been titillated by voodoo, witchcraft, ouija boards, the visions of Fatima, or the Loch Ness monster. He finishes as reassured as any good citizen in seventeenth-century Salem that the ultimate source of evil is not the malice and selfishness of the human will but an Outside Agitator who comes in and takes over.

BOOKS

Trivial prose masquerading as verse

The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems

DIANE WAKOSKI

Simon and Schuster, $5.95

The East Side Scene: American Poetry, 1960-1965

ALLEN DE LOACH, Ed.

Doubleday Anchor, $2.50

MARK TAYLOR

These dreadful books deserve review (if at all) only because two reputable, commercial publishers have seen fit to stamp them with their imprimaturs, a rare blessing for a collection of verse these days, and one which inevitably suggests that there is something new or valuable or important about them, that they show what is going on in poetry now, that they point convincingly to future directions. It is a suggestion that demands refutation, as a service less to truth in the abstract than to the hundreds, maybe thousands, of genuine and unrecognized poets across the country, ranging from the competent to, who knows, the great, who pursue their craft in the awful loneliness that is the only way, and who must wonder, seeing stuff like this, what chance *they* will ever have with the bookmen. Well, I'm no publisher, I don't know what chance they will have, probably Gresham's law is becoming as applicable here as elsewhere; but it is an utterly mistaken view that the contents of these volumes represent what is decent or exciting in contemporary verse.

The dust jacket on *The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems* shows Diane Wakoski standing behind a Yamaha. It's an engaging photograph, but it's one that motorcycle cognoscenti would view with disdain, for the pictured two-stroke street scrambler, unlike a Norton Commando, say, or a Triumph Bonneville, is what dedicated bikers, Wakoski's beloved Hell's Angels, for instance, call a cream puff. The bike shown, in other words, bears roughly the same relationship to a "real" street bike as most of these poems do to real poetry. (As an image, incidentally, the motorcycle seems to contain for Wakoski about the same raw sexual energy that horses had for most of D. H. Lawrence's heroines, a development that may indicate the validity of Lawrence's worst fears for our age.)

Most of the poems are distinguishable from trivial prose statements only by the typographical conventions that make them *look* like verse. But, here, these conventions are arbitrary: they do not follow from exigencies of meter, meaning, internal consistency, or anything else, but rather from the delusion that the placing of single words or short phrases beneath each other on the page, sometimes making them flush with the left-hand margin and sometimes not, is a condition of poetry. Here, for example, is the beginning of "Indian Giver": "You gave me / this knife / yesterday / an act / of friendship, / because / I gave you / part of my lunch, / so you wouldn't have to eat / in the school cafeteria / and miss the ball game. . . ." And lines from "Letters to Shep": "Seldom have women / with as

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much passion / or warmth / or ability to submit / willingly / been so alone / or so neglected / for so much of their lives." Now, generosity, as in the first of these poems, may be among the greatest of human virtues, and the neglect of another's heart, as in the second, among the greatest of failings; but in neither poem has the author bothered to set her feelings above the most basic level of generalization.

And, always, there is the tone of transcendent breathlessness, meant to gull us into accepting as important what has not been proven so. No doubt the poet's own feeling is real enough, and some intuition of it will break through in enchanting lines like "Tonight I move alone in my face." But incalculably more often we read such lazy inanities as "Who is to say what love is / except those who feel it?" and suspect that we are being conned.

Wakoski is also one of the three dozen or so contributors to *The East Side Scene: American Poetry, 1960-1965,* and in much of that company she looks good. What is particularly annoying about De Loach's collection, however, is not so much its inferiority as verse—though inferiority is there, abundantly—as the editor's own braggadocio, especially in his introduction but implicitly even in the title: this is *the* poetry of those years. Thus we are told that the occasion for which many of these poems were composed (a series of readings at the East Village's Cafe Le Metro) is "necessarily relevant to the development of American literature"; that this movement "had commanded international attention for over five consecutively accented years"; and that during this period the Lower East Side fulfilled "the role of generative vortex in the east." (This role has now shifted to the State University of New York at Buffalo, at the same time, oddly enough, that De Loach himself has removed to that university; it must give one rather a heady feeling always to be pursued by a generative vortex.) If you weren't there, my friends, you weren't writing poetry. And all these judgments, mind you, from a poet-

(Continued on page 116)

ARE YOU FED UP

with the lynch mob antics of the media against McGovern's candidacy? . . . SICKENED by the cynicism and moral blindness of the press-TV writers and talkers? . . . HORRIFIED at their readiness to condemn the nation to four more years of Nixon-Agnew? . . . WORRIED about the future of a country blanketed by a media complex so biased, cowardly and heartless?

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Religious Books Round-Up

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

SEVERAL recently or fairly recently published books in the field of Christian theology have a kind of good news/bad news quality about them.

The good news about Kenneth Hamilton's *Words and the Word* (Eerdmans, $2.95) is its readiness to confront an increasing theological importance with clarity and directness. "No one who is committed to the gospel of Jesus Christ," he argues, "can ignore the question of language." The author, professor of systematic theology at the University of Winnipeg, originally produced this material for the Payson Lectures at Fuller Theological Seminary in 1970.

The bad news is that Hamilton's handling of the question reflects too much his own rigidly biblicist perspective. When he defines theology, he assumes that "theology" and "Christian theology" are simply coextensive. They are not, of course, and Hamilton provides us with no way of understanding the theological process that takes place outside the Christian tradition.

Furthermore, even his description of the task of *Christian* theology is inordinately restrictive, i.e., "to make explicit the implications of biblical language within the church for the needs of Christian confession of the full gospel of Jesus Christ."

The problem is that the biblical language is a theological product. One cannot adequately define theology merely by identifying it with one of its products, the normative character of that product notwithstanding.

Hamilton is arguing here that theology is principally a matter of finding the right "words" to express the one unchanging "Word." But is the Word available anywhere apart from human experience and human history and the articulation thereof?

Indeed, Hamilton specifically rejects the views of those (such as Gilkey, Macquarrie, Bultmann, and others) who insist that the truth of the gospel cannot be perceived and grasped except through the medium of secular experience. The author clearly chooses the Barthian side in that key twentieth-century debate.

In the end, Hamilton cannot grant that Scripture itself has to be read critically, that it is itself a theological product. For the author, "each and every scriptural statement (is) objectively true." By what criteria are such judgments made? The Bible is somehow self-interpreting!

Roger Vekemans' *Caesar and God: The Priesthood and Politics* (Orbis Books, $3.95) critically evaluates some recent theological material on the persistently awkward problem of Church-and-State. The author, a Jesuit theologian and social activist in Latin America, is an apparently well-qualified discussant.

The bad news (apart from the book's high price—it is a 118-page paperback) is that it often reads like a M.A. thesis whose author was determined to use every bit of material carefully inscribed on his file cards. The quotations are long and slightly undigested, and tend to obscure the drift of the author's own thought. But even where Father Vekemans disengages himself from the words of his sources, his own style (or that of his translators) is sometimes ponderous and laden with jargon.

His view of the nature and mission of the church seems to me unduly ecclesiocentric. Only through the church can the world achieve unity. The church is the very meaning of history and its source of reality.

His exaggerated view of the church affects his discussion of the church's ordained ministry. It is essentially a Eucharistic ministry, and the priest himself is "the sign and seal" of the church's own unity. Indeed, the commitment of the priest in the world is "more radical than any other because it is eschatological."

This clericalized view of church runs through the final section wherein the author argues against the ordained Christian's direct involvement in the political process.

Monika Hellwig's *The Meaning of the Sacraments* (Pflaum/Standard, $1.50) has grown out of the author's lectures, workshops, and discussions with diocesan, parish, and parents' groups. Consequently, her questions are pertinent, her style clear, and her manner restrained and conciliatory.

The Georgetown theologian devotes a chapter to each of the seven sacraments (two chapters to the Eucharist) according to a reasonably consistent pattern: (1) she specifies the chief question related to the particular sacrament (e.g., why infant baptism?); (2) she summarizes some of the relevant material; and (3) she offers a very moderate sketch of the theological principles that might be helpful in solving the original problem.

Her spirit is always open and she does theology, unlike Hamilton, with a sensitivity to the presence of the transcendent in and through the experiential. Thus, she writes that "the redeeming, liberating presence of Jesus can be communicated only by a liberating presence of those who have in their turn been redeemed by him."

The bad news is that Dr. Hellwig is simply not controversial enough. I do not mean, of course, that she or anyone else should attempt consciously to be provocative or, what would be worse, polemical. But the book would have been even more useful than it is if she had given more than the subtle, understated samplings of her own views on the questions at hand. I do not understand why, for example, she does not even mention the (often unhappy)

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place of women in the church, particularly in her listing of certain key problems facing the church's ministry today.

As they stand, most of the chapters in this book seem to end just about where they ought to be moving into second or third gear.

The good news about Charles A. Curran's *Psychological Dynamics in Religious Living* (Herder and Herder, $6.95) is that it provides material which has been pretested in the laboratory of counseling institutes for laity, religious, and clergy in the United States and Canada. The author, professor of psychology at Loyola University of Chicago, deals with issues which have immediate repercussions in the theological and pastoral orders.

The book's title is reflective of both content and orientation. Father Curran argues that community is impossible without communication. To the extent that the church, as a religious institution seeking to be and to become community, facilitates interpersonal communication, it fulfills at least part of its abiding mission. To the extent that it suppresses or distorts communication, it can be a countersign of its own proclamation.

Here, too, we have a mixed report. Bad news is interlaced with good. I have a sense of uneasiness about the way the author uses theological material, especially his comments about the church in chapter III. He talks about certain gospel models of the church (pp. 59-60) without mentioning the most important, Body of Christ, Temple of the Holy Spirit, etc., while, at the same time, tending to confuse Kingdom models with church models (pp. 60-62).

Nor do I understand why he wants to speak about the church as "person" (which he uses as the title for the third chapter) rather than as a "communion of persons" (which he does later on p. 64). He compounds the confusion by beginning the fourth chapter with a reference to the church as "persons." The inconsistency may appear to be only stylistic, but it is too important to the basic thesis of the book to have been allowed to pass.

Indeed, the book as a whole is not an editorial delight. The material is chopped up. The reader is bombarded on almost every page with a new, completely capitalized subheading. One has the experience of moving quickly from peak to peak without ever settling down long enough to work through an issue with some care. Furthermore, one occasionally has the impression of having been already on this or that particular peak.

I personally prefer the way the same kind of material is presented, on a similarly popular level, by Eugene Kennedy, Andrew Greeley, and Gregory Baum. Curran somehow lacks their clarity, spark, and theological astuteness.

The last book may seem a bit out of place on this list, Bernard Lonergan's *Grace and Freedom* (Herder and Herder, $11.50). Bernard Lonergan disciples and those interested in problems of theological method will welcome this addition to their libraries. The book contains the Canadian theologian's early study of operative grace in St. Thomas Aquinas, which was originally published in *Theological Studies* in 1941 and 1942. The material is reproduced without significant change in the text. There are only occasional stylistic modifications and some editing of the notes.

This book will do nothing to diminish Lonergan's reputation as a competent student of Aquinas and as a scholar whose principal interest is always methodological. "The thought of Aquinas on *gratia operans*," the author writes, "was but an incident in the execution of a far vaster program. . . . Within the frame of so universal an undertaking the treatment of any particular issue could not but be incidental."

The bad news is that the material is more limited than the title may suggest. A fuller discussion of that kind of issue requires some exploration into other areas, such as those marked out in the aforementioned book by Father Curran. Where theological judgments occur, they have a curiously familiar ring indeed, as, for example, the discussion of antecedent and consequent acts at the end of the fifth chapter: "The antecedents *per se* always incline to be right and good. But the consequent act may be good or it may be sinful: if it is good, all the credit is God's and the creature is only His instrument; but if it is evil, then inasmuch as it is sin as such, it is a surd (preceded, indeed, by a divine permission which is infallible without being a cause or a noncause) . . . for which the sinner alone is responsible." That kind of language just doesn't go down anymore.

These elusively critical comments notwithstanding, the Lonergan book is really the only one that one will still want to have, even after five or ten years. That's probably saying a lot for a book these days.

Christ and Counter-Christ: Apocalyptic Themes in Theology and Culture, Carl E. Braaten, Fortress, $3.50 (paper)

"The religion of the future will be the one that can best project the most fulfilling future of religion," Carl Braaten concludes. I can't decide if that statement is brilliant or a cop-out, and I feel the same way about the whole book, which insists that apocalyptic eschatology alone is adequate for understanding Christianity's beginnings and future promise.

While purporting to be for popular audiences, the volume is rather technical, almost a short course in German hermeneutics since Albert Schweitzer declared (decades ago) the New Testament to have an apocalyptic context. Braaten has impressive credentials. He has some sharp insights into the past and present dilemmas of Christianity, but he writes at a level on which most folks can't think. I miss, for example, a clear elucidation of "apocalyptic."

ELLIOTT WRIGHT

FATHER RICHARD P. MCBRIEN *is a member of the Theology Department at Boston College.* ELLIOT WRIGHT *is on the staff of Religious News Service.*

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editor whose fine sensitivity to the English language allows, in the introduction, such felicities as the redundancy "equally as varied"; the barbarisms "finalization" and "generationalized"; and the obsolete "seldomly," what you might call an adverb raised to the second power.

And the contents themselves? There is some good work here by people who know what they are doing—George Economou, Ted Enslin, Joel Oppenheimer, Louis Zukofsky, a few others —who are scarcely well served by De Loach's self-congratulatory remarks, but by and large the collection is a pretentious bore. Never mind the hundred juvenile attempts to shock with four-letter words (ho-hum) or with arcane sexual practices (e.g., coitus with a tree: arboreality?), but consider, instead, the sublime, uncritical complacency of the three poetasters who offer us the following parts of my three candidates for Worst Poem in the volume (a tough competition, that): "You love me, don't you? / *Don't* you! / 'Yes.' / Say it! Say it- / 'Yes, yes!' / Who do you love! / 'You!—you,'" etc., for another 25-odd lines of a poem named "Dialogue with God." Or from "Morning &": " I wake up blue and a little sick, / light a first harsh cigarette and / stumble into last night's pants." Or again, from a poem whose title is too long and silly to quote: "If I loved you less / should you love me more, / or if I cared for you / would you not care for me?" etc. In another poem (not a candidate for WP) the author writes, "My days are as / moments," not a particularly captivating simile at best, but when she writes, two lines later, "It is hard This waiting / Since you have gone," it becomes clear that in the earlier line she meant "My moments are as days." The imprecision, or confusion, is emblematic of the whole volume.

All in all, then, a tedious and depressing proposition, these two books, and yet, paradoxically, I must wish them well. If they sell, better poets everywhere will wag their heads in dismay; but if they (and their kindred) don't, the commercial houses may give up on verse altogether, a position, God knows, they're not far from already. It is small consolation in these days of anti-culture, but good poetry has a much better chance of emerging from bad poetry than from no poetry at all.

INSTITUTE FOR PROCESS THEOLOGY. A Community of Inquiry. Maryville College and Marianist Apostolic Center, St. Louis. June 17-July 28. Six hours credit. Dr. EUGENE FONTINELL (Queens College, New York), Dr. CHARLES HARTSHORNE (University of Texas), Dr. BERNARD LEE, S.M. (Maryville), Dr. BERNARD LOOMER (Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley), Dr. NORMAN PITTENGER (Cambridge University, England), Dr. PIET SCHOONENBERG, S.J. (University of Nijmegen, Holland). Information and registration: Rev. Bernard Lee, S.M., 813 Baugh Ave., East St. Louis, Ill. 62201.

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FRANK GETLEIN

Papenek takes the position that industrial design, as a calling, has long ago sold out to anyone with the money to buy it, in particular to business ventures using design to increase profits, assault the environment and make life a little more unpleasant, dangerous and expensive for most people.

His first words read: "There are professions more harmful than industrial design, but only a very few of them. And possibly only one profession is phonier."

The indictment, which is massively supported throughout the book, will come as a shock to the dwindling band of the faithful who still believe in "good design" as the redempton of the evils of industry. Year after year they have assisted the great liturgical celebrations at the Museum of Modern Art and elsewhere, exclaiming over the purity of the stainless steel cutlery, the perfect correspondence between the form and the function of pill-dispensers, the ingenuity of some new arrangement of desk-file-chair, and renewed their faith that the Second Coming was at hand, needing only a few more knives and forks, or abstract toys, for the permanent establishment of the Kingdom.

Meanwhile, outside the temple, priests and bishops of the true faith had been trafficking with the devil. Whole seminary classes, dedicated to salvation through design, went over to the enemy. The purifying encounter between industry and design has worked the other way and design is now all but totally in the service of profits at whatever cost to anything. It's all rather as if a couple of surviving, catacomb Christians stumbled by mistake into one of Constantine's theological jam sessions complete with bishops contending, in full fig and fulmination, for scraps of the imperium.

The capture of design is, for a variety of reasons, less obvious than the simultaneous capture of modern architecture. Whatever the origins in William Morris and Jugendstil, both modern architecture and good design got put together as instruments of salvation at the Bauhaus and were imported to this country with the decision of the Germans to elect Hitler and exile reason, of which the Bauhaus was a leading exemplar.

Today, most of the commercial boxes that have been thrown up in the business areas of our cities can legitimately trace their descent from Mies and Gropius. The beatitude, "Less is more," has been received as a hunting license for speculative builders, the best theological endorsement of the profit motive since Calvin.

So has it been with design, as Papanek demonstrates in item after

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item, from murderous automobiles disguised as sex symbols to streamlined alarm clocks which, as he says, do not travel, in most households, at speeds in excess of 500 mph and therefore get no benefit from streamlining.

Papanek is dean of design of the California Institute of the Arts, has taught at half a dozen schools in this country and Canada and has wide practical experience outside this continent as a design consultant for UNESCO. Somewhere along the line—the book is only incidentally and when unavoidable autobiographical—Papanek became imbued with something like the original missionary spirit of the Bauhausers in Germany and Chicago. Over the years he has deepened and broadened the concern of that spirit, through UNESCO, so that now he has a vision of the profession of design as much more specifically an instrument of social amelioration than ever occurred to anyone at Weimar or Dessau.

The "real world" of Papanek's title is the world of about two-thirds of the earth's people, those who are not European or North American, plus, within those two locations, those who are not the affluent customers of design's overpriced products now, sick children, the aged, the poor. In instance after instance, he demonstrates the vastness of existing needs and the simplicity with which some of them, at least, can be met.

He cites, for example, the invention of the paper, disposable dress, originally marketed at 99 cents by the Scott Paper people and rapidly escalated to $149.50;

Or, Kodak's superior slide projector machine sold in Germany for about a third of what the same firm's inferior nodel costs in America;

Or, the amplification of the bicycle as developed on the Ho Chi Minh trail for peanuts and for $950 by Abercrombie & Fitch.

At the heart of Papanek's critique of his profession and of his hopes for its future lies the study he calls "bionics," the study of nature's systems with a view of imitating them, especially in their self-generating aspects, again illustrated with example after example, some from designs actually developed by the writer or his students at one place or another, some merely floated for anyone who wishes to pick up and make. One of the many certificates of Papanek's sincerity is his contempt for patents: anything he designs or even thinks of is freely available for anyone who wants it.

He appears upon the scene as a voice crying reform of a movement thoroughly lost among the fleshpots and holding before it a social standard never even envisioned by the original founders. Like the new lawyers preaching for justice, like the young doctors interested in health, he seeks for design something more worthy of human dedication than endlessly increasing private profits. He is unlikely to make wholesale converts from the essential frivolity of industrial design as now practiced, but even a small corps of Papaneks could make a great difference in the world and in our own society.

Cities of Light and Sons of the Morning

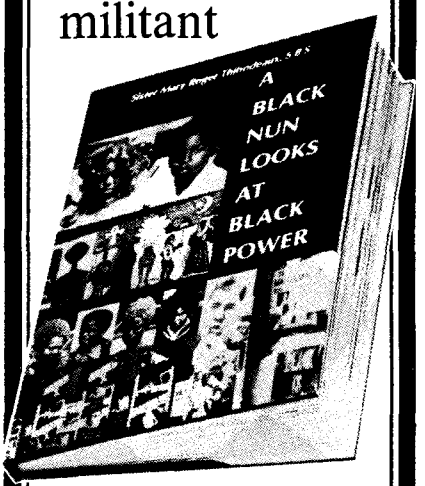
MARTIN GREEN

Little, Brown, $15

JEFFREY MEYERS

For the past several months I have lived in a whitewashed Spanish village overlooking the Mediterranean. The house and garden are spacious and quiet, the climate the best in Europe, the people kind and sympathetic. The villagers have a deeply-rooted sense of personal identity within their family, work and society; of responsibility and renewal through the communal rituals of birth, marriage and death; and their year is defined by the great religious

Powerful, committed, militant



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FRANK GETLEIN is well-known as an art critic and author of several books, including *The Politics of Paranoia* and *Playing Soldier—A Diatribe.*

JEFFREY MEYERS is the author of *Fiction and the Colonial Experience* (Boydell-London).

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feasts, culminating in the dramatic processions of Holy Week. I have been productive and tranquil here, and have played a satisfying though marginal role in the life of the village. Yet with the coming of the heat and the beaches and the bulls, there is a correspondent enervation of will, a weariness with the hermetic atmosphere of lotus-land, a need for intellectual abrasion and the kinesis of mental strife. This is a superb place to write as long as you are completely self-sufficient, and need no outside stimulation or nourishment, no books or libraries, no entertainment or conversation — no "concentration of cultural life" and "mutual intensification or intelligences" that defines a city of light. Yet only a few kilometers from here, in Malaga, far from the focus of intellect, Picasso, the greatest genius of modern art, was born, just as Stravinsky was born in far-off Russia.

Martin Green's ambitious, brilliant, far-ranging and learned book concerns the vital question: what kind of environment produces and nourishes genius? His social etiology has a very different emphasis from Nietzsche's individualistic belief that the Dionysian element, compounded of disease and madness, inspires (as it destroys) the creative spirit. Nietzsche renounced his homeland and his rich friendship with Wagner, and exhausted his *furor divinus* in solitary wanderings—in Basel, Sils Maria, Turin, Genoa and Nice—until he lapsed into insanity and was carried in darkness to Weimar, Green's archetypal city of light, where universal and worldly wisdom were officially patronized by the enlightened Duke, Karl August.

Green's method is to illuminate our present "age of revolution" by "juxtaposing it with past events." He begins and ends the core of his book with an analysis of radical culture in the contemporary New York and Havana of Mailer and Castro, and compares them with other cities of light during the revolutionary age of Napoleon: the radical London of Blake, Godwin and Paine; the conservative Weimar of Goethe and Herder; the liberal Edinburgh of Scott and Jeffrey; and the far dimmer flickerings of culture in American cities between 1780 and 1820.

But these revolutionary parallels have several disadvantages. The greatest cities of light—Periclean Athens, Augustan Rome, Medician Florence, Elizabethan London—which flourished during ages of relative prosperity and peace, are not discussed, so that apart from the dominant figures of Goethe and Blake —whose achievements are meaningfully placed in political and cultural perspective—the "genius" of the Sons of Morning (the Connecticut Wits and Cuban poets) is more often measured in candlepower than in kilowatts. Secondly, the argument necessarily ignores the more unexpected and erratic influence of what might be called the "crepuscular" towns where genius was born: Mann's Lubeck, "a little commercial town on the Baltic," Lawrence's Eastwood, a Midlands mining village, Joyce's Dublin, the center of a national "paralysis" whose constriction and pro-

No Economic Stakes in Vietnam?

WHEN IT IS ARGUED that the Vietnam intervention cannot be "explained" by economic interests because our direct stake in Southeast Asia is far too small to compensate for our military outlays there, two salient points are missed. The obvious one is that some people and political groupings gain, and others lose, from the decision to maintain client states by military force in that part of the world. It is the underlying population—with limited knwledge, dispersed interests and marginal impact on foreign policy—that bears the brunt of losses on "the balance sheet of imperialism." . . .

The less obvious (but perhaps more relevant) point is that the ideology of anti-Communism and "free world" preservation, and its implementation, in the long-run serves the interests of corporate business more than any other sector of our society. This ideology has helped create a political environment that permits, if it does not necessitate, interventions that are irrational if each of them is taken in isolation. But such crusading political philosophies, and their militarist-interventionist offspring, serve a useful function for the upper tier of a hierarchical social structure. . . .

—Richard B. Du Boff and Edward S. Herman
in the April 21, 1972 *Commonweal*

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vinciality the writers fled at the earliest opportunity, but which also exerted, at a healthy distance, a powerful influence on their greatest work.

The substance of Green's book is set within an extremely interesting autobiographical framework which reinforces the historical viewpoint by a perceptive and lively account of his contemporary visits to the lucid cities, and which also defines the place of the responsible intellectual in the present age of revolution through an exploration of three basic types of artistic temperament—Faustian, Erasmian and Calvinist (the first two rather like Nietzsche's Dionysian and Apollonian modes). Green, like all academic liberals, is essentially an Erasmian, a mediator between the two temperamental extremes, without a creative imagination, through responsive and understanding, whose truest function is "to keep alive that cool clear medium in which truths live." But this Erasmianism is tempered by a Faustian urge. (Mann's Adrian Leverkuhn is the great fictional example of Erasmian turned Faustian, and his switch from theology to music and demonology is sparked by his profound fear of creative sterility.) This urge accounts for Green's enthusiasm for the "temperamental authenticity" of Barth and Fiedler, and the "Faustian phallic narcissism" of Mailer, who despises the academic Erasmian, and not only anatomizes what is pathological in our society but also embodies its aggressiveness, arrogance, vulgarity and violence. Mailer represents the very antithesis of the conservative politics of the *artistically* revolutionary writers like Yeats, Joyce, Pound and Eliot.

In the autobiographical chapters of *Cities of Light*, Green constructs a painfully honest portrait of himself as a characteristic liberal in an age of revolution: twitching with nervous solicitation of students' approval, willing but unable to forge the Faustian pact, nostalgic for the cities of light as well as for the fat cloistered days of the early 1960s, yet fearful and dubious of the radical commitment he believes is now compulsory.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 99)

of the eucharistic celebration rendered its orders defective.

Father Avery Dulles noted in *Commonweal*, August 25, that the Anglican Roman Catholic International Commission has reached an agreement on the nature of the Eucharist. This agreement does not involve any theological concessions so much as it represents a new understanding between the two communions. What the commission has said, in effect, is that Rome and Canterbury have merely failed to understand each other in the past. Such an agreement would imply that the nature of sacrifice is and has been present in the Anglican Mass as much as in the Roman Mass and would thereby seem to invalidate Pope Leo's decision that Anglican orders are defective. Leo was only investigating the form by which Anglican orders are conveyed and the significance such orders are believed to have in the Anglican Church. He ruled that the orders were invalid because the Anglican Mass lacked the nature of a sacrifice.

Since the Vatican has formally accepted the decision of the International Commission, it would seem indeed likely that Rome must soon reinterpret Leo's *Apostolicae Curae* to bring it in line with that decision.

It should be in all our prayers that we fervently hope for such a reunion, which would set a fine ecumenical example for the rest of Christendom.

GARY LEE PHILLIPS

Correction

In the Oct. 6 *Commonweal*, book reviewer John Garvey was misidentified as James. The editors regret the mistake.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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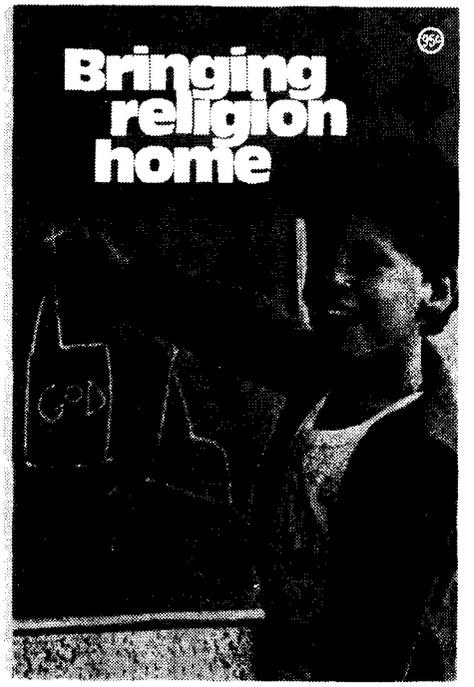

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